REFERENCE
DO NOT CIRCULATE

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE

RACHEL OZIER BRIDGES Family

Her Maiden name was Lockridge--daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Lockridge--and was born about five miles north of east of Mount Sterling, Montgomery county, Kentucky, on the thirtieth of October, 1812.

Nor was the national strife which was rife in the land at the time, more varied and trying than were the many vicissitures and privations through which this frail "child of God" was destined to pass. Nor was the victory of the brave old veterans of our young republic more decisive and complete than the glorious victory which she achieved over adversity, sin and death.

Her ancestors were of the Scotch-Irish and English extraction, having emigrated to this country at a very early period. They possessed that commanding spirit of determination, self-will and endurance which are marked characteristics of the Scotch race, and they transmitted a like spirit, to a very large degree, though perhaps slightly modified, to their posterity.

Her parents began life together possessed of but little of this world's goods; therefore, life to them was a continuous battle, for many years, for a sustenance, for, as I have intimated, they were high-spirited and ambitious, and aspired to something more elevating for themselves and their children than to be mere serfs of the land. Also, being of the "old Scotch Presbyterian" persuasion, they not only instilled habits of industry and strict economy in their children, but, also, a spirit of piety and self-sacrifice into their young minds.

Whether or not those severe exactions and requirements of the pious parents of those good old times were conducive to the happiness and well-being of the child, might be called in question by many of their posterity of the third generation; but be that as it may, one thing we do know, if we accept revelation, is that the law was necessary to bring man to Christ and verily those "old pilgrims" had a work to accomplish, also, and their untiring zeal in their efforts to save mankind from a literal hell (to which they were sure they were hastening) was at least commendable.

Rachel was the second of a family of nine children--two sons and seven daughters. By the time she was six or seven years of age, her parents had accumulated sufficient to be the possessors of a little home of about forty acres, and she, with the other members of the family, were early taught that it was not only absolutely necessary, but a dury as well, to do whatever their hands found to do. As she was of a considerate and submissive turn of mind, she could readily adapt herself to almost any situation, whether it be to help about the house or assist her father on the lettle farm.

Kentucky being comparatively a wilderness at that time, there were a great many pests and drawbacks to farming. There were innumerable birds and squirrels that infested the young crop, and one of the first requirements of her was to keep watch over the newly planted corn, or at least as soon as it began sprouting through the ground. She and her younger brother, Andrew, were furnished with little wooden paddles and provisions for the day and sent off to the cornfield bright and early to prevent the squirrels and birds from destroying the crop. This was their daily business for two or three weeks or until the corn got beyond injury,

from early morn until dusky eve, plodding around the field, slapping their little boards together and hallowing to frighten the intruders off; occasionally a hunter would come through their way and kill a few and cause a stampede among the others, which proved quite a help.

This was certainly a very wearisome beginning in this vascillating world, and, we must admit, differs widely from the requirements made of the average child of to-day. But the world does continue to move and the sun to shine just as brightly, regardless of the ultimate effect of the influences by which the present generation is surrounded, favored with all the indulgences and supposed advantages of the age. Time only can decide whether they be fruitful of happiness or misery to the recipient.

Helping to pail the cows, carrying water for the harvesters, helping to feed the sheep and geese in winter, hacking flax and filling quills for weaving pruposes, were a few of the many departments in which she was but a helping hand year after year.

When about seven years of age she began attending school in one of those old historic puncheon-floored, clapboard-roofed school houses of the pioneer days of Kentucky. She was endowed with a quick comprehension, coupled with indefatigable energy and learned very rapidly. But it would appear that her path was often strewn with thorns, and destined to be over uneven ways. Her school-days were very soon and abruptly brought to a close, she did not gain even a good English education, much less a classic course which is considered so necessary by many of our time.

Having attended school but a few months (all included not to exceed a year), she cut her foot badly, which disabled her for almost or quite a year, not long after which her father died, which ended her school-days forever. Although he had been quite successful considering his limited advantages, and had saved up enough out of their hard earnings to enter one or two small tracts of land over in Indiana with a view to moving to it in a short time, had he lived, and had also accumulated a small amount with which they had intended giving their children a better education, but those hopes were blasted. When he left them her mother felt compelled to cut on expenses in every possible way in order to hold possession of the land and keep the family together, and therefore, especially the older children, received but a very limited education. The family manufactured almost all their own wearing apparel and considerable for others would grow the flax, then brake, clean and bleach the lint, then spin and weave into cloth. Although always of a delicate constitution, at the age of eleven she could spin and weave towlinen quite to perfection, and at thirteen could weave almost any fabric, either of linen or cotton, used by the family. She began weaving when she was so small that she could not occupy the seat and reach the treadles, but had to brace her back against the seat-board, and in that position tramp the treadles. She did not know what it was to fail in anything she undertook, unless it be for the want of strength to sustain her. A part, and perhaps all of her children have specimens of her handiwork, and the writer has a beautiful counterpane which she spun and wove and gave to me, which is an invaluable keepsake.

From the time her father died the routine duties devolving on her were very much the same as she had experienced for sometime, and with the exception of attending a social party once in a great while and singing school occasionally, and to old Springfield Church, as opportunity offered, she did not go from home but very seldom, indeed, until perhaps,

when in her seventeenth year she met him who ere long became her partner for life. They were married after an acquaintance of a few months (as will appear in the former sketch), on the 28th of October, 1830. After which her career was so inseparably connected and interwoven with his that the former sketch of his life necessarily contains quite a full account of her history also up to the time of his death, which occurred March 2d, 1879. The effects of which came very nearly proving too much of a shock to her already almost exhausted forces, but she rallied again to stay with and be a blessing to her children for a few short months, when she too was called to pay the universal debt of nature, and doubtless is now the happy companion of him whom she clung to with angelic fidelity while they were permitted to remain together on earth.

To those whose privilege it was to watch over and administer to her wants during the last few weeks of her stay with us she gave the undoubted assurance, time after time, that she had no fears in making the eternal change; was always perfectly composed and conscious and resigned to the will of Him who rules over the destinies of man.

And when asked a few days before she passed away whether she thought herself in any immediate danger? she replied "that she could not say, but as to that, if the Heavenly Father summoned her, even that night, that it would all be perfectly right; that she was ready and willing to go."

And when questioned at another time in regard to her feelings and convictions, she said "of course she would like to get well and stay with her children yet awhile," and went on to say "that it was the glorious faith of the universal redemption which sustained her in the hour of parting; that it was through that she found hope of meeting us all again ere long on the other shore," and still at another time, just before she passed through the valley of shadows, we asked her if she expected to meet "our dear old father" and loved ones gone before? she answered unhesitatingly, "when I go I shall." She did not express the least doubt at any time as to what her future condition would be. She was as much composed as though only making an earthly journey, and often during her severe sickness, though suffering intensely, she would direct for the comfort and welfare of her children and those around her. Always even to the last she had the well-being of her children at heart. After a protracted sickness of some four weeks she passed away, calmly resigning her blessed spirit to Him who gave it, on the night of the 3d of January, 1881.

REFERENCE
DO NOT CIRCULATE

Bridges Family
Indiana Pioneer Life

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE CHARLES BOLES BRIDGES

I was born on the thirtieth day of October, 1800. The ancestors, on my father's side, were English and perhaps Welsh, to the best of my knowledge. Those on my mother's side I am unable to give, as she was an orphan; being quite young when she lost her parents, she could not give any account of her ancestry. I believe she was the youngest child but be that as it may, I can say that she was a kind and christian mother, and her pious life and good advice to me, have ever been as bright picture on the tablets of memory.

My father, William Bridges, was the third son of a family of five-four sons, named, respectively, according to seniority, James, Charles, William and George; and one daughter. My father settled first not far from Saulsberry, North Carolina, some time during the revolutionary war. He was a blacksmith by trade, and was pressed into the service to make shackles for the Tories.

He was married to his first wife when he came to this country from England, but lost her soon after arriving. After this he settled in Kentucky, about the year 1790, in a perfect wilderness, among the native redskins, bears, wolves and other kinds of wild varmints, in what is now Madison County.

Here he married my mother, Elizabeth Wright, and moved to what is now Montgomery county, Kentucky, about eight miles from Morgan Station. This station the redskins surprised and captured, taking prisoners, and killing all save one, a young lady, whom perhaps I have seen, was tomahawked, scalped and left for dead; but she survived and got well, having a piece of silver put in the place of the missing bone and a wig over her bare head. In my boyhood days, I have frequently rambled up and down the road that runs by the branch where the murder was done, and thought of the horrible tragedy and wondered how the fiends could be so cruel and wicked. But they had never heard the lessons of the gospel of "peace and good will to men", and the story of the cross had never touched their stony hearts. At the above-mentioned place, which is about five miles north of Mt.Sterling, I first saw the light.

There were five whole brothers of us, named according to seniority, William, James, George, Charles and Milton; and three whole sisters named Tamer, Abigail and Elizabeth. I had also three half-brothers and one half-sister.

My father and mother were both Methodists, of the Wesleyan order. The first meeting I was ever at, was at old "Cain Ridge", at what was called the "union meeting", which became so celebrated for the peculiar and mysterious manifestations which took place there. Perhaps some account of them would not be considered out of place here: One class had the falling exercise; they would fall down, apparently dead, and "you could hear in their breasts the most beautiful music." Another class had the running exercise; they would start off and run as fast as they could, and fall down and lay quiet and motionless, as if dead. Another class had the jerking exercise; their actions corresponding to the name.

A wag came into the meeting and said he had seen one man barking up a sapling, which was true. The various mysterious signs and wonders of this meeting have become a matter of history, and I will not occupy time nor space to detail them; but will simply state further, that one of the principal runners of this machine was Barton Stone. He first went to southern Kentucky to investigate strange phenomena of this kind, being manifest there. When he came home he held meetings, and while describing these strange things, two little girls were taken with them, and the wonderful phenomena spread. I will not give my opinion, even if I had one, of these wonderful things, further than what the poet has said, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform".

I was only about a year old at the time I was first taken to these meetings. While we were returning home from this meeting, a thunder storm arose, and the angry elements, the fiery-tongued lightning, and the pealing thunder, seemed terrible enough; yet this was not all. A fellow, who came riding by, gave a sharp yell, frightened our horses, and away they went, pell mell, until the wagon wheel struck a tree, and dashed into pieces. The horses went headlong, onward, until the wagon was torn to pieces and dropped us all out. I was in my mother's arms, and have been told that I laughed heartily all the time, little aware that it might prove a ride of death.

We were all mounted on the four horses by which our wagon had been drawn and struck for home, over a rough wagon way, through the thick woods and cane brakes; the night dark, a storm raging and the howling of wild beasts that thickly infested the woods, must have made a fearful trip, but our horoscope seemed to be on the side of good, for all arrived safely at home, with nothing to to complain of but a broken wagon, too much moisture on the skin, a sharp appetite and fatigue.

This is all I can now recollect of interest that transpired during my infancy. But as a natural fact, I did not remain an infant many years and I can begin to relate incidents from personal recollections, the former being, in the main, from tradition.

When I grew to boyhood, I began to seek recreation, and found it in frolics and freaks along the banks of the little stream called Kingston Creek. One incident I will relate, which may look somewhat funny on paper, but it was no laughing matter at the time, or at least, not to me: One day I was standing near the bank of the creek, near a deep hole of water, pulling with all my might at a cane-stalk, when it suddenly gave way. Not expecting such a result, it did not give me time to avoid the consequence, but I performed a gymnastic feat, turning a somersault, backwards, plump into the water. The only one near was a little boy, by the name of James Dunlap, about the size of myself, who could not help me . But I struggled above and below the surface of the water, and finally reached the bank and scrambled out. I went home a wetter and wiser lad.

I never had but one fight in my life, and that was when I was about eight years old. The circumstances were somewhat peculiar. I have heard of various ways of making introductions of oneself, but never have known but one instance of the muscular, or pugilistic way. One day I met a boy who had just moved into the neighborhood, it being the first time I had ever seen him. He approached me with this friendly greeting: "I am going to whip you, d---m you". I told him I did not want to fight him as I had nothing against him whatever. He answered me, "No difference for that; you need not try to beg off in that way. I am going to whip you." Finding that nothing but fight would do him, I gathered him by the

hair (which was long and platted behind) downed him, gave him a few good jolts in the face, and then placing my thumb in his temples, I commenced boring and twisting. He soon hallowed "enough", and with an ugly oath for a prelude, cried out, "Quit that gimleting". When released he arose, we shook hands, and were friends ever afterwards. I learned that the same kind of an introduction was given to every boy in the neighborgood and so far as I know, he invariably got the worst of it. His name was Charles Younger.

Another adventure came very near being my last, although of a very different kind. My brother James was out skating on the ice on a very cold day; I was standing on the bank and became so benumbed with cold as to become sleepy, and wanted to sit down. James discovered that I was freezing and trotted me home quickly. No serious damage from this was received, excepting a severe sickness that lasted a day or two.

I have had the advantage of education, only to a limited extent, and very limited at that. My father bought a large tract of land, but an older title being presented, the land was taken from him, and our family placed in indigent circumstances; consequently we all had to work hard, and there was but little time or means at our disposal for educational purposes. I knew little else than hard manual labor from six years old to twenty-six. At about nine years old I began to go to school. I will give some details of this school, that it may compare with the schools of to-day--that the improvement that has taken place in one generation may be seen. Our books were the old Columbian Speller, Guthrie's Arithmetic and the Bible; occasionally Milton's Paradise Lost and Bunyon's Pilgrims Progress were added. These make the sum total of the text books used in those days. As for the house, it was about two miles from home and the road consisted of a foot path through the woods. It was twenty by twenty-four feet square, with a fire place in each end, one for the boys and one for the girls. This fire place was the width of the house, save a little for the jambs. The big boys had to carry in the big wood, and the little boys the little wood, for the fires. The window extended the whole length of the house, and was made by omitting a log, and covering the opening with greased paper to admit the light and exclude the cold. There was a rough puncheon floor, and the loft was of the same material or of four foot boards. The roof was of boards held on by weight poles. The seats and furniture corresponded with the house.

The school was governed with rigor. They believed then as did Solomon of old, that "to spare the rod, was to spoil the child;" a mistaken idea, I think. I have seen boys whipped until the blood would run; but I never received a whipping in school in my life. They used also in this school a dunce block, which consisted of a skull of a cow; I also escaped this.

I recollect one bright youth of sixteen who left the school in a very angry mood, because he found in his arithmetic a sum requiring him to find the circumference of the earth in inches. Mad and disgusted he left school, exclaiming, "Any fool might know that could not be worked!"

But, as I have already told, my schooling was limited, for, all told, it would not amount to six months.

Being employed on the farm constantly, I knew little else than

the hard daily labor of rural life; often picking stalks among the thorns and weeds, bare-footed--thorns of the black locust and honey locust--which, any one who has seen them, could testify, were not much comfort to bare feet. I have prayed, fervently, that my life might change. I once got hold of the plow, and my older brothers had hard work to get me away, for I thought it much easier than my hard lot. My working tool was the hoe, which I wielded as a true and valiant knight. My hands frequently cramped so I could with difficulty open them.

I will now relate another incident that occurred in the same field I have been speaking of, which had a great influence on my life: My father always kept whisky about the house, as was customary in those day, and I had noticed the old Virginia wagoners having a bottle of whisky with them. I thought it looked very nice, so I hunted up a little bottle and filled it with whisky, and after taking a few drinks, became very liberal, went to the field, and drew it on my brothers. It is needless to say they run me high over it; so much so, in fact, that it drove me into temperance, and I have hated whisky ever since.

I was always fond of stock, and being a very careful hand with them, my father occasionally gave presents of stock, which I raised and called my own. This, it is needless to say, made me very proud, and I took somewhat extra pains with them.

I must now record an event as serious as it was painful, not only to me, but to all the household--the death of my father. He was taken with an attack of diarrhoea, which proved to be master of his strong constitution, as well as of all the medical skill that was available in those days, which, of course, was small. I was nineteen years old then, and it seems but a short time ago since I saw him lifting his emaciated arms, and exclaiming, "Is it possible that these active limbs must moulder into dust? Yes, surely, they must." Just before he died, he called his children to his bed, and talked to them, separately, giving us all good counsel, which has ever been as a lamp to my feet.

I was the oldest at home--the seniors having married. He gave to me the special charge of the family, and I felt the solemn responsibility deeply; but I cheerfully went on with my task, and I think I fulfilled it as well as I was able. His personal property did not satisfy the creditors, and I sold my own and paid the debts, and resolved to try to get a new start in the world.

The farm consisted of one hundred acres of land. My mother, after my father's death, settled one of the children on about thirty acres of this, which he was to have during her life time; and the administrator got about the same amount, under the same conditions, for his administratorship. The remainder was left to me; I was to have charge of the family and the forty acres to support them with. Having been raised to hard work, and knowing all about it, I went at it the following spring (my father dying in February), to make my start in the world. I commenced by raising hogs for the market.

There was one matter of some importance which I will name, because it was of little advantage, of course I mean pecuniarily. My mother as before stated was a very devout Methodist, and as there was not any church in the neighborhood, she continued to have preaching at our house, every two weeks, for eleven years. As a consequence there would from twenty

to forty remain for dinner and the preachers did not seem endowed with the power that Elijah of old was; or at least did not exercise it, for the barrel of meal did waste and the cruise of oil failed during their sojourn. We were poor and hard pressed, and it was a great draw on my hard earnings. To give some idea of the amount of provisions it required: I usually slaughtered about twenty hogs for our own use. After I was so busy in my crop I did not have time to enjoy these meetings in any way; I have frequently come from the field to the meetings, without time to change raiment, and not much to change if I had time--but I made a good crop the first year; enough I am glad to say, to keep family, preachers and all. I will simply state here that I did not join church. I often tried as earnestly as any one ever did to feel as others told me they felt, but never could experience that mystic change which they claimed was necessary. And knowing that I could not deceive the Almighty, and having no disposition to act the hypocrite, did not join the church.

In the following fall a man offered me ten dollars a month--good wages for those times--to go to Richmond, Virginia, to drive hogs. I accepted the offer and made the trip on foot, which was one of hardships and suffering. The weather a portion of the time was very cold, and a portin more moderate, with muddy roads and swollen streams, which of course we had to ford; and frequently my clothes froze stiff on me after fording them. Nothing but the freeze and thaw, the mud and rain, broke the monotony of this trip, and I returned home and did the best I could for myself and family with the crops. The following year I made another crop, and in the fall hired again to drive hogs, to Sumpterville, South Carolina; but by the same conveyance, "Walkers Train." The price was the same as before, and I might add the privations and sufferings were pretty much the same. I returned from this trip safely and used the proceeds for the benefit of the family. We were out about two months, and walked over a thousand miles each trip. Usually we had to husk the corn to feed with, and often would not reach our lodging place until after night, so that it would be nine or ten o'clock before we could get them fed and get our suppers. And all this for only about twenty dollars for the trip, a very hard, slow way to make money. Wages were very low, and what we had to buy was at a high price. I remember once when I was seventeen or eighteen years old I wanted shoes fit to wear to church, so I worked ten days for a neighbor, at twenty-five cents a day, to get enough money to buy a pair, and every thing was in the same proportion.

The next spring I resumed my accustomed calling, attending to the farm and trading. My capital being very small, as a consequence I traded in cheap stock. I attended all the sales in the neighborhood, and David Badger and I always bought the bulls--bidding against each other. They soon got so they would never cry a bull without calling for us, and we soon bore the endearing appellation of "Bull-Buyers." I did pretty well in the bull business, having the good luck to lose but one. I, also, traded in colts, and did pretty well in this line, also.

I can not proceed further in this narrative without paying an humble tribute of respect and grateful remembrance of two friends who stood by me in all my struggles for a start in the world, Col. James H. Lane (the father of our exsenator, and Higgins Lane), and Philip Hathway. In them I realized that oft repeated homely verse,

"A friend in need
Is a friend, indeed."

To their wise and good counsel I feel that I owe much that I am. Space will not permit any extended eulogy upon them, but I hope enough has been said to show all who read these lines, that their kind offices are not effaced from my memory. To those who knew them no praise is necessary, as their lives and ealk is a far better eulogy than I can give.

Mr. Hathway had a son, David, whom he wanted me to take around among the fair sex, and wear off his bashfulness of which he had an uncommon stock. I did so, and many amusing anecdotes and laughable tricks took place, but I don't deem it proper to recite them here, and will pass them by. It is needless to add that a great intimacy sprang up between us, not exceeded, I question, by that of David and Jonathan, of old. He paid me a visit a few years ago, and quite a plesant time we had, talking over old times and scrapes. The scenes and incidents of childhood's happy hours, have a charm to us that never lessens,but, on the contrary, seem to brighten as we grow older--carrying us back to the days of childish sports, and conjuring up before us the old green woods and fields with their gently waving trees, where the birds sang as we haven't since heard them; where the butterfly fluttered far more gaily than we ever see them now; where the sky seemed brighter, and the sun seemed to pour his golden beams with more splendor than now; where the air blew more freshly over greener grass, and sweeter flowers; where every thing wore a richer and more brilliant hue than it is ever dressed in now. Such are the deep feelings of childhood, and such are the impressions which every lovely object stamps upon the heart. Magic scenes, indeed, for fairy thoughts of infancy dressed them in colors, bright as the rainbow, and almost as fleeting--colors, which are the reflection only of the vivid imagination of childhood, and can never be called into existence in the dark and cloudy days of after life.

The ensuing year I was again employed to go with another drove of hogs to Richmond, Va., but was somewhat promoted this time. I was furnished with a horse, and commissioned "Commander-in-Chief" of the squad. Nothing exciting or sensational occurred on this trip, but as it may be of interest to some in this fast day and age of the world, I will give some account of our fare.

The reader will take notice that "hog drivers" were held in ill repute in those days by the people along the road; not even the "Commander" received courtesies commensurate with his dignity and office. But to proceed: We stopped for the night at a hotel near Fincastle, Va., a very hard, and I might also add, dirty place, too, as I think the reader will bear me witness before I get through.

The landlady was a very large woman, and had a very large stock of adipose tissue hanging loosely about her person. It seems that dame nature had prepared her for the important function she performed, that of raising the bread. This she performed by putting the dough under the bed clothes and sitting on it to make it rise, much as a hen sets on her eggs during the period of incubation. I do not vouch for the truth of this story and only give it as it was told to me by the neighbors. But here is one to fit it, and possibly confirm it also. Mr. Nastison, who had caught up with us at this place, was eating his supper, and when he was about done, gathered up a piece of bread and walked slowly toward the door eating it. When he reached the light he discovered in the bread a full grown fat, plump thoroughbred louse. The reader can now draw his own conclusions as to our fare.

I returned from this trip and settled up my business for this year. By hard labor and trading I had begun to accumulate property, so I bought a lot of sheep, partly for cash, and partly on credit, expecting to shear them in the spring and make something in that way. But before shearing time the canine race got among them, playing sad havoc with the flock, killing and tearing to pieces all but a few that jumped the fences and saved themselves by flight. About the same time I had a little yoke of oxen which I had raised from calves. One night one of them laid down and departed this life. Then I bought a younger yoke, and after turning them out one evening, they started trotting across the field and one of them fell down and broke his neck. Of course the laws of nature are fixed, and a broken neck kills, so this one departed this life also. Not long after this, more bad luck followed. I hired a fellow to break a splendid young mare that I thought a great deal of. When he put the break-bridle on her and reined her up, she fell backward, her head striking the ground first. It knocked her stone blind.

The fates seemed to have decreed against me, for the foregoing is a specimen of my luck for twelve or fifteen years. The buttered side fell downward nearly every time, and if there had been any hitching posts in life, I guess I would have hitched up. My misfortunes having exhausted my little stock of means, I borrowed nine hundred dollars from Mr. Harris, and with this I bought up a drove of horses, and took them to Alabama. In the spring I arrived safely at Tuscaloosa, nothing of interest having occurred on the way. Here I made sale of part of my stock and can not say that I either made or lost much. Mr. Harris, who had accompanied me this far, returned, and I went alone from here to the waters of Tom Bigbee River, and sold the remainder of my stock. The men in this region were small of stature, and of a swarthy cadaverous hue, of a make-up very unfortunate in the light of captivating and winning the hearts of the fair sex. A Kentuckian had a reputation in the South of being healthy, robust and stout, and however poor he might be pecuniarily, if of good moral standing, could marry the wealthiest planter's daughter, such was their admiration for physical strength and ruddy manhood, which they rarely saw.

I returned from this trip by way of Nashville. Two men accompanying me, one by the name of Noax and the other by the name of McGuire. The latter was a very proud man, and as we approached Bowling Green, Ky., he got off and filled his saddle-bags with rocks and placed them back on his horse. I asked him in astonishment for an explanation of this singular part of the programme; he replied that he was going to be treated like a gentleman in the hotel at the next place. It had the desired effect, for at the hotel his saddle-bags were handled carefully, and we were looked upon as wealthy men traveling west to buy land, with a bag of gold and silver to make the purchase which was customary in those days. Perhaps they knew the old proverb, that "All is not gold that glitters," but did not think of so changing it as to say, "All is not gold that is weighty." But so it was that the old proverb is verified, "Man has sought out many inventions."

Toward the fall of this year a friend told me that horses and mules would sell well in Georgia--I accordingly bought up a drove of them and set out on another trip bound for the sunny south again. Arriving at Lexington, Georgia, I sold a horse and got the pay all in what afterward proved to be counterfeit money, which was plenty in those days. I pushed on through the principal towns of the state,

and bearing toward Savannah. The fellow I had with me, whom I had hired in Kentucky wishing to return I placed him on an old mule I had recently traded for, and he started for "home, sweet home." But what was my surprise when he returned the same day. He had gone some distance when like Balaam's ass, the mule refused to proceed, and in spite of all the efforts of his chagrined rider, turned "about face," and came back master of the situation. This was a very discouraging season for trade south. The planters had made partial failures in crops, therefore money was a scarce commodity.

I met a number of old stock traders on their way back with their stock, who said they could not find any market and were going home, you may be sure that this was a very trying report for a young beginner, and on a borrowed capital at that; but my motto was ever, "push forward," never turn back in any thing undertaken; so after traveling hundreds of miles, a great deal of the time through a dreary wilderness of pine and live oak, from the boughs of which hung the long moss so plentiful in many parts of the south, and which usually has a very depressing influence on the mind of the weary traveler, I, by dint of perseverance, finally disposed of night, and strayed off. I could not hear any thing of them, so I started back, stopping at Lexington on the way, and called at a broker's office, in order, if possible, to exchange what money I had for U. S. money, as a great deal of the state money would not pass at par outside of the state in which it was issued. The broker said he could not accommodate me, but directed me to the bank near by. The banker said he could make the desired change, but on examining my money looked up astonished and said "why man what in the name of God are you doing with so much counterfeit money?" I declared my ignorance and innocence in the matter and told him that I remembered getting that same money of a man near that place as I went down a few weeks before. But I was perfectly dumbfounded at the idea of being taken for a counterfeiter. The matter was taken under advisement at once. The broker was called in hurried consultation; I remained at a convenient distance and overheard the conversation. The banker expressed his suspicion that I was a counterfeiter, but the broker (God bless him), said I did not look like one, he thought; and besides, said he, I think the amount of good money he has ought to clear him. So finally they decided not to have me arrested, and thought all that was necessary was simply to cross the face of the counterfeit bills and let me go.

This kind of talk about me was any thing but agreeable, and I was determined not to let the matter rest at that, so I summoned the sheriff, and he and I, with two or three assistants, set out, if possible, to find the scoundrel who passed the bad money on me. By my describing the man from whom I thought I had got the money, we soon got on his trail, but found from best information that there was a regular organized band of them. We chased them across the state-line, but then lost all trace of their whereabouts, and had to give it up in disgust. But of all the trying incidents that ever befell me, this one was the worst. Just imagine yourselves five hundred miles from home, without very much experience in the world, among strangers, not a friend in reach to lend you a helping hand, or to vindicate your character, and hushed voices talking of counterfeiter, arrest and imprisonment, and you the innocent subject of all this. How do you think you would feel under such circumstances? But be assured that God's helping hand is ever on the side of right; therefore, do right for right's sake, and fear no evil. I was soon on my weary way home again, and strange as it may seem, I did not much like the idea of going home either; which was the first and only

time in my life but that I was anxious to get home--"dear home." but the facts were (as before stated), I had borrowed the purchase money for the stock, and on account of the exceeding scarcity of money south, had to sell considerable of my stock on credit, and I dreaded to meet the men I owed. But home I went, and lost no time in seeing Mr. Harris, and asked him if he needed or wanted his money, and to my great relief he said he did not need it, and would prefer that I would keep it. This enabled me to square off with others I owed, and had a little left to trade on. But I will just say here that promptness in business is just what often saved me from failure. If I owed a man, I always made it a point to be prompt in asking him if he needed it, and if so, I hunted if up for him somewhere, and in this way sustained my credit. But I would advise young men to be cautious about going in debt heavily, as I know by experience that it is very hazardous.

After getting through with the usual routine business of raising and harvesting the crops, feeding hogs, and such other work as belong to a farmer's lot in preparing for winter for the family, in order to collect what I had credited out the year before, I concluded to buy another little lot of stock, and try the south again; which I did, getting time on the most of the stock.

This trip verified the truth of the statement that "perseverance is the only sure road to success." It appeared (as some would say), that luck had changed; but the fact is, instead of waiting for something to turn up, I kept trying to turn something up myself. I disposed of my stock at good prices, and as unreasonable as it may appear, I collected every dollar of the old debt, I believe, and to my great surprise, just a short time before I intended starting back, I happened to hear of the lit le "codgers," I had lost the season before of two mules which had been found in the mountains, and taken up, and for a wonder, published. He said they were reported to be in an adjoining county. Thanking him for the valuable information, I went to the county seat where they were, in order to take legal steps to regain possession of my property, as from the description given I really believed it to be. So looking up one of those "necessary evils," (a lawyer), in order to get some advice on the subject, he said the only way for me to proceed was to sell the mules by description; then take the purchasing party along, and if, on seeing them, I was willing to swear that they were mine, and the ones I sold, for the purchaser to lay claim, and, if necessary, prove right of ownership by me. "But," said the lawyer, "I know of but two men in the country but what would keep them if that kind of a sale was made to them." So I began to think they were a pretty uncertain property after all. But we took a little circuit around town, and fortunately came across one of the two. I have always thought that if I had been one of them I would have gotten out of that nest of ignorance and dishonesty. But, perhaps, they had a leavening influence on that part of lost Israel, although I am sure I did not want to ge back any more to ascertain. However, in due time my new acquaintance, who proved a friend, and I were on our way to the mule district, over mountains, hills and hollows, the country as rough as the inhabitants.

As we neared the objective point, we arranged that on seeing them if I knew them to be mine, I was to give a little knowing cough; then he was to assert his right of ownership, and if necessary, I was to swear these were the ones I sold to him; the plan worked all right. I recognized in them the identical little tow heads that

got away from me, though not much the better for the mountain grazing. But I was glad enough to get them as they were. I settled all bills for feed and trouble, and took them back to town, and made actual sale of them, and was about ready to start for old Kentucky, a pretty good place after all, I thought, and in fact still think.

Although I encountered many difficulties incident to a transient business of that kind, I do not think worth while to mention any more of them, as one can endure a good deal without complaining, as long as they are doing well. But one incident which befell me soon, I must give, to show how soon adversity may follow in the footsteps of prosperity. I had saved a splendid riding horse to ride home, and before leaving town, went to a broker's office to get U. S. bills. The old fellow treated me very gentlemanly, and appeared to be very much interested in my welfare, unusually so, in fact. He enquired which road I intended to travel, and I told him I was going the wilderness route. "Well," said he, "that I consider the most dangerous route you could go. I understand that one or two traders wer waylaid and killed somewhere along that route, not long since Now" said he "it is considered very dangerous along Duck and Elk rivers and I will tell you so you may know when you are in the most dangerous locality, that you may be on your guard and not stop over night where you see certain unfavorable signs. You will see little squads of rough looking men and boys collected near the road-side, engaged in shooting matches and goose pulling." This sport consisted in suspending an old goose by the legs, to a rope; then they would soap her head and neck, get on horseback and go at full gallop, and whoever could catch and pull the goose's head off, won the money. A cruel sport indeed.

I must say I was more fearful of that old broker than any one else, for he knew just how much money I had with me, and I made sure in my own mind that he would either go himself, or have some one go by a short route, and intercept me in some dark hollow, and knock me in the head. But that was my best and nearest way, and I thought I would take it. I had gone but a few miles, when I found that my horse was getting very sick, so I had to stop to doctor him; but he grew worse rapidly, and died the following night. Besides the loss, this left me in a very bad fix. I threw my saddle and traps across my shoulders, and started afoot for a little town a short distance ahead. When I got there they priced what few horses they had so high, that I concluded to foor it into the country, thinking that I could find something to suit better, and for less price; but the country folks were fearful the money was not good, and I could not convince them that it was. I had to walk until I blistered almost the entire bottom of my feet, and could hardly go at all. Eventually I bought a pretty good horse, and started anew, feeling greatly relieved. I found those little rowdy crowds along the road, just as the old broker had told me, and took all the precaution I could, but happened, as it appeared, to fall in company with a fellow who said that he was traveling north too. He kept with me an entire afternoon, and, as we stopped at the same house, the landlord naturally enough gave us the same room, and with but one bed. Not wishing to cause suspicion that I had money, I did not offer any objections, but did not like the idea of rooming and sleeping with an entire stranger. We retired, though, as as I was very tired and sleepy, soon fell into a kind of unconscious state. I suppose as soon as he thought me sound asleep he began feeling around me for my money, which awoke me. I grabbed his hand and flung it violently against the wall, and reached and got an old dirk pocket

knife out of my pocket, which was the only weapon of defense I had with me. I lay awake the balance of the long and tedious night, in dread suspense, with knife in hand, intending, if he made another such demonstration, to plunge it into him. But he did not bother me any more. I would have gotten up at once, but feared to raise any alarm, not knowing but that the whole crew were of the same stripe. I was up early next morning, and did not wait for the would be thief, preferring to travel alone, you may be sure. Nothing more of any exciting nature occurred on the way, and in due time I arrived home again, very much worn with excitement and hardships.

This constituted my last experience as a stock driver to the south. Some time during the next season I met with an accident from which I never fully recovered. Undertaking to break a young horse I had raised, when I got on him he reared and fell backward, catching my left foot under him and crushing it fearfully. I did not suffer so much with it until a little while after, when I had a severe attack of fever and it settled in my injured ankle, it being the weakest point of attack. After that I suffered intensely and grew delirious. And as it was my custom and liking, when well, to trade in something, so while I was in this condition I was constantly trying to trade my lame foot off, and though I made some good trades, they would soon find it was deficient and come back for a rue bargain. They said I laughed outright once, and when asked what was the matter, I told them that I had swapped my old foot off and got a sound one, and cheated the fellow badly, and wanted to hurry and draw up the writings for fear he would back out. I finally got better and regained consciousness, but had to use crutches for months after. But I hired help and continued farming and trading about the same as ever for the next two or three years, except I stayed and traded about home, finding it less risky and more profitable, take it all in all.

I had by this time, 1829, by strict attention to business and economy, accumulated a little capital of my own, and concluded I had arrived at sufficient age to take pretty good care of some one else also. So I cast about to see who I might overpersuade. Some five or six years before this, while at work in the harvest field, like one of old, I espied "a fair damsel," whose name was also "Rachel," but instead of being at the well watering her flocks, she was carrying water for the harvesters, a marked contrast with the generality of the girls of to-day. Then they cheerfully made themselves useful, without so much regard to appearing ornamental. She, though quite young then, attracted my special attention, so much so that I declared in my own mind from that day, not as Jacob of old, to work for seven years, but if necessary to wait twice seven to get her. In order to gain some attention from the "old gentleman", I undertook a race at reaping with him, as we were at work in his field; and although he was large and very strong, I made a formidable show, which, by the way, was of no disadvantage to me, as labor was considered honorable in those days. So the time arrived when I thought I must make my intentions and claims known, and happily for me she reciprocated my regard, and after a few months of strict devotion on my part, we made a mutual agreement and were married on the 28th day of October, 1830. My wife's maiden name was Lockridge, a daughter of Robert Lockridge, who then lived about six miles northeast of Mount Sterling, Ky. I had managed so as to be able to buy a little farm of about seventy-five acres, known as the Old Boyd place, situated five miles due north of Mount Sterling. I had prepared the cage before I caught the bird. It was not a very comely structure, that's

a fact, but I dare say we were as proud of and as happy in that "old log cabin" as was ever a Rothchild in his palace. Life had a new meaning to me now. I realized that real happiness of which I had only dreamed of before. I continued my usual vocation of farmer and trader, worked on the little farm during crop and harvest time, and traded during the more leisure season, in a small way to be sure, but at that time I thought that I was doing wonders, and did manage to lay up something at the end of the year over and above what it required to keep the family. I say family, for as is often the case in well-regulated families, there was a Robert now. He was born the 17th day of October, 1831. Just here I will mention what may sound a little strange. I was born in October, my wife was born in October, we were married in October and our first child was born in October, but then it was not the same October. I was just twelve years older than she, and she was almost nineteen years older than he. So that looks more reasonable. There was not anything occurred calculated to mas our pleasure or worthy of note until September, 1833, when William appeared to disprove the justice of the old English law of primogeniture. While we had been raised in the midst of slavery, we did not like the idea of raising our children in a slave state, and after consideration concluded (as Horace Greely has since advised) to emigrate and grow up with a newer country. I sold the farm at what was then considered a big price, thirty dollars per acre; and to my great satisfaction, when we came to survey it, found that the boundary contained about nine acres more than the original estimate. This was a happy surprise, and a great help also.

The following spring, Willis, an older brother, and I started as the Israelites of old, in search of "a land that flowed with milk and honey," steering our course northward, over into what is now called Hoosier State, a wilderness for sure, at that time. And, by the way, it was not held in very high esteem by the Kentuckians generally. In fact, those of them who are the least acquainted with our country, stick up their noses yet at the mention of Hoosier, but I would not swap with them now, two for one.

At that time there was comparatively little of the land in a state of cultivation; many of the inhabitants were hard pressed, and it was about all they could do to keep soul and body together. I remember well a laughable expression Willis made, as we were passing an old farmhouse, in Morgan county. We saw a girl of about twelve or fourteen summers run from one house to another, near by, stark naked. "Dear! Dear!" said he, "Just look yonder at that miserable naked wretch; that's what gives this country such a bad name."

As we passed through Greencastle, on our way to Montgomery county, we stopped to inquire the road and to learn as much about the country as we could, and I very well remember the marked kindness and attention shown us by "Billy" Thornburg, who was a thrifty young merchant at that time, in giving us directions. He did not stand in his store-door and answer "yes" and "no" to our questions (as many would do), but came right out in the middle of the muddy street, and took special interest in showing and telling us what he knew of the different localities. He made such a favorable impression on me that I shall always have a kindly regard for him, and would advise our grandchildren growing up, always to be polite and obliging, if you would win the good will and respect of your fellow man, and succeed in business.

We looked around over the state considerably before we located, going as far as LaFayette. A few houses down near the river, then constituted the village. They could boast a log jail, also, which

must have been very secure, indeed. Crawfordsville was the larger of the two; the land office was located there at that time. Old Mr. Elston, since a banker, was very anxious that we should locate near there, and offered me what would have proven a good bargain--a portion of the west part of town has since been built on the land he offered. But we thought it would not do at all to get very far away from our acquaintances, and as old uncle John Goodbar had settled near what is now Parkersburg, we concluded to buy land near his, which we did. While it is a very good section of country, there was much better openings for speculators than there. I could have bought land on which a large part of Indianapolis is built at almost my own price, as it was a very sickly place then, and especially so that season, and people wanted to sell and get away from there. But it might not have been as well for my family if I had located there, and so I am well satisfied as it is. After five or six weeks' absence, we returned home and reported our success.

As we had given possession of the farm, we took shelter under the maternal roof until the following fall. In the meantime I was trying in every conceivable way to add a little something to my scanty capital, and making all the necessary arrangements for moving. I never was much of a smith myself, but some of my brothers could make almost anything out of iron, steel or wood, that they wished. So I worked in the shop with them for a good while, in order to have them make such tools as I would need; I did the striking and such other rough work as I was capable of doing, while they did the more difficult parts. They made a chopping ax, broad ax, hand ax, auger, etc., which were of inestimable value to me in the new country. I had but one horse and no wagon, so I hired a teamster to move what few traps we had, thinging that better than to lay out so much for an outfit.

Although I was rather favorably impressed with what was to be our adopted state, yet we did not say much about where we were going.

It was claimed by some of the "old Kentuckians," that they could tell where movers were going, from the general appearance of their outfit. They said that if the movers had good horses and wagons, guns and a pack of hounds, they were going to Missouri; if they had fat, sleek horses, they were going to Illinois; but if they saw an old, one horse cart, with a variety of household and kitchen furniture stacked on, and a parcel of little white-headed children following along, they were bound for Indiana dead sure. So you may guess we kept pretty quiet, but on the morning of the 18th of September, 1834, we "cut the cable and swung out from the paternal shore, into the sea of uncertainty." But, in fact, I had found through experience, that life was made up of uncertainties. We were determined to make the change, be it bettering or worsting our condition, and, although we have encountered many obstacles, and have undergone many hardships and privations, yet we have no just cause for regretting the move.

It required about twelve days to reach our destination, which was about one and a half miles east of Parkersburg, Montgomery county. We found it necessary to move into our house with another family, as they could not give us possession for some little time; but it was not long until we got full control, paid for our little wilderness home, and began business anew.

The young folks now have not much idea just what a wilderness it was at that time. With the exception of six or eight acres which had been partly cleared, there was scarcely a "stick amiss" on the farm. Some six or eight weeks after we arrived here, my brother-in-law, Andrew Lockridge, came out to pay us a visit, and take a look at the country, with a view of moving also, if he liked the place. We had heard considerable talk about Illinois being such a good country, and we concluded to go over there and see for ourselves. We liked it very well, but thought when this country was once opened up, it would be a more desirable place to live, everything considered.

Although the following winter was a severe one, business had to go on, ground must be cleared in time for spring planting, so we would cut and roll logs during the day, and often pile and burn brush until late bed-time. The boys not being large enough to do anything, I had to hire help in the clearing. I had from three to five hands almost all winter and spring. Our house consisted of but one room, which had to answer as a sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen. I admit this was a desperate crowding business, but that was not the worst of it. That made it very hard on my "better-half," and especially so that the women had no cooking-stoves in this country, and had to cook by the fire-place. It was almost impossible to get help for the women then. I know it was wrong for her to have had so much to do, but how were we to help it? We were trying to make something to live on, and something had to be done, and pretty soon at that, or we would have come to want.

As the men had to labor very hard, the women were generally willing to do what they could also. I have known some of them who were stout, take their babies out to the field with them, and laying them down on sheep-skins, help their husbands pile and burn brush until near noon, then go to the house and prepare dinner for the family. This shows the determination and perseverance of the early settlers--women as well as men. It is true they had not much spare time to tuck, frizzle and friz, and "tie-backs" were never dreamed of. As the skirts usually contained only two widths of "linsy-wolsy," it was conveniently narrow anyway. But I am disgressing further than I intended to do.

I managed to clear about fourteen or fifteen acres that spring. The custom among the early settlers was to cut the timber down, and cut the logs into a convenient length to handle; then make a rolling, and all the settlers for miles around would come and help. We did not discriminate so closely as to who was our neighbor as did the Pharisees of old, but considered any one our neighbor who was willing to lend us help in need. Not being able alone to handle such large logs as we had to burn, we swapped work. I remember the first season after we came to the state, that a hired hand and I helped roll logs twenty-eight days; a pretty good introduction to a new country, I thought.

ed After scratching among the nest of roots, as best I could, I succeeded in getting the new field planted in corn, after a fashion, for I dare say the rows were rather crooked; but we would not have had any use for the modern marker among the stumps.

As soon as the corn was planted, the next thing to be done, in order so protect the growing crop, was to fence the new clearing. I had bought a good team to use in tilling the crop, and we were hauling rails with them, when they became frightened at a falling tree, and run off, tearing the old sled (for I had no wagon), to pieces, and killing the best horse. He was a large, fine one, and I felt it a severe loss, not having

the money to invest in another. I had to finish hauling and tilling the crop with the other one. That was a notoriously wet spring(1835), which is one of the most discouraging drawbacks that a new-comer in a strange land has to contend with. Full six weeks elapsed after I finished planting before the ground was really dry enough to plow the corn, which, of course, was little yellow, spindling stuff. During that time I treid several times to plow, but the water would follow along after, and it was useless to clean it in that condition. I finally got it in pretty good fix, but being quite a little discouraged with the prospect so far, I left it to the mercy of the elements, took leave of the patient wife and children, and set out, this time in company with Hiram Shoemaker, for another look at the "Sucker State." Two of my brothers having, in the meantime left Kentucky, and settled near Springfield, Illinois. So I visited their locality and other sections of the state, found a good belt of country extending from east to west through Springfield, and was pretty favorably impressed with the country generally. But there was the same serious objections, that I noticed on the other visit; that was the general prevalence of chills and fever. We found that there were two or three in every family, (and some times the whole family), down with it. There were scarcely enough well ones to attend to the the sick; and before I left the state, I had a severe attack of fever myself, and Shoemaker soon took sick, also. I rode from Bloomington (Illinois), with a high fever, and sick as could be, and my bones ached so I thought all the time I could not go much farther. But I kept on under the influence of stimulating medicines, and after a long ride reached home, from my experience disgusted with Illinois, and did not think I would ever want to see the state again. I had been at home but a short time, they said, when I became delirious, and had a severe spell, and took enough strong medicines, such as blue mass, calomel, opium and other mild ingredients, to kill a four-horse team. But I had a good constitution, naturally, and overcame fever, poision and all.

As soon as I recovered I made sale of that piece of land and bought a little farm over in Putnam county, in the Fosher settlement. Our freinds and acquaintances were very much opposed to our leaving Montgomery, and to have heard their description of the place I had bought, one would have concluded that there was scarce room enough to drive along for fear of falling into one or other of the creeks near by. They said it was situated between two mill-dams only a short way apart, and that we would soon all take sick and die. But we decided to make the change, and a very desirable one it proved to be. Although we had as good and kind a neighborhood as any one need wish, yet the country was too swampy to suit me. I liked our new location and land better. The house was not any thing to brag of, as you could throw a cat through the openings in the wall in several places, where the chinking had fallen our from between the logs, but the worst of it was my continued chills, at intervals, all winter and spring. By mixing various bitter herbs, roots and whisky together, and using it pretty freely, I finally recovered and have never had another chill since, and I might say that, with the exception of the two cases already mentioned, I have been blessed with remarkably good health all my life. There was more cleared land on our new possession than the one I sold, which was quite an advantage, so I went cheerfully to work again, thinking mor Indiana than I ever had.

We made enough maple syrup and sugar that spring to answer our wants for the year. I planted about ten acres in corn, and there was about that much in wheat when I bought it. We had an early, favorable spring, quite a contrast with the season before. I made a splendid

crop and so we considered our chances good for a good living at least. I had some money left after paying for the place, and liked the location so well that I bought the old Secrist farm of one hundred and sixty acres, paying six dollars per acre. That appears cheap, and some have told me that a man could make money at that price. My answer to that is, that it took a good two-year-old steer to buy an improved acre then, and a steer of that kind will buy an acre now. So why don't you buy land now? This farm lay directly on the old Greencastle & Crawfordsville road, and it gave me still more cleared land and a nice little blue-grass plat of five or six acres, from which I cut enough seed to sow a good portion of the farm. There was a better house on this farm, and, being on the road, was a more desirable place to live, and so we concluded to move there. I hired some help again and went to work to deaden the most worthless of the timber and sowed the grass seed I had saved. As we had come from the bluegrass region of Kentucky, I felt the need of it, and turned my attention to getting the land set with it as soon as possible, knowing well that it would give me a great advantage over those who had no grass, for without it I knew I could not handle stock to any advantage. So I put all my spare time during the next fall and winter shrubing and sowing. I had already bought some young stock, and fed a considerable number hogs for market. The idea was to convert everything into money as rapidly as possible and buy land while it was cheap and improve it, and I was very sure it would naturally grow in value, which proved true. As spring came, we went into the sugar-making business again, which was our custom for years, for if we did not make we pretty generally did without; you may be sure people did not spend much money for luxuries during the early settling of the country. I remember yet that our store bill only amounted to about twenty-five dollars the first year we came to the state, and some of our neighbors thought we were proud and extravagant at that.

There was but a small part of the land fenced when I bought it, and as soon as I could get the crop planted again I directed my attention to enclosing the boundary; besides tilling corn and other necessary work, hiring two or three men to make rails at thirty-seven and a half cents a hundred. I succeeded in getting it under fence during the following fall and winter, after which I went to clearing more ground, and I might say my time and attention were pretty well divided, and entirely taken up for the next two or three years between tilling the crops, clearing the old timber out of the way and attending to what stock I collected from time to time.

Here I must give space to mention the inauguration of the temperance movement, which has since grown to such grand proportions, and has done so much good in our fair land.

I think it was in the year of 1837 that old uncle Johnny Fosher, Col. A. S. Farrow, both men of sterling qualities, and myself, began the agitation of the cause in our section, by declaring that we would not furnish whisky for use at log-rollings, house-raising, or harvest-times, which had been the custom from the first settling of the county. One of the first and all-important things in preparing for rollings, raisings, and harvesting, during those times, was to send to to the still-house and get a keg of "liquid hell-fire." We had got disgusted with the custom and the consequences, and determined to start the needed change. Each of us had a little band of boys growing up, and felt it to be our duty to take a decided stand against the use of the accursed stuff, before it would be too late on their account, as well as for the general welfare, and the building up of morality and Christianity

in our midst. Within a short time we appointed a temperance meeting at Blakesburg, and invited several speakers from Greencastle among whom was Judge Farley, a reformed drinker, and by the way, a very efficient worker in the cause. Our opposers were out in full force, as was calculated to elevate mankind above the brute creation into the glorious liberty of the children of God--into a condition where they could better learn of Him, of their duty, and final destiny. Two or three of them being endowed with more egotism than brains, got up and openly opposed us; but they made such a poor, weak effort, that I think they certainly were ashamed that they had espoused such a cause. Instead of losing ground, we secured a good many to our side, and were greatly encouraged. We continued the good work already begun, as best we could, and before long the grand old Washingtonian wave swept over this broad land of ours, bringing many poor, deluded souls up from the depth of pollution and sin, landing them safely on the temperance beach; recuing those who were afterwards good husbands, kind fathers and loving brothers, from miserable drunkards' graves. And again, in 1852, we had another special revival of the cause. I was, as will appear on another page, selling goods at Fincastle at that time, and some of them thought I took too active a part. Thirty or forty of my regular customers banded together and sent a spokesman to let me know that unless I ceased my warfare, they would not trade with me any more. I told them flatly that my goods were for sale, but that I was not; that before I would sacrifice principle for gain, I would stack my goods in the street and burn them. I took notice, however, that they did not carry out their threat, but soon all came back and traded the same as ever. So I have found that no matter what kind of business a man is engaged in, whether dependent on public patronage, or not, all he needs to do is to be sure he is following the path of right and duty, and fear no opposition.

By this time (1840), my pasture land was getting pretty well set in grass, and I had plenty for grazing purposes, and had begun trading in stock again, which I always liked to do. This was in a small way at first, to be sure, as I had expended almost all my money in lands. People generally allowed what little stock they had to run at large, and during the summer and fall, they browsed on the underbrush, Pea-vine, and Ramps, from which the little creeks in the vicinity took their names, but when winter set in they had not much to feed on, and I could buy cows, calves and such like, pretty reasonable, and graze them on my grass, which is the easiest and cheapest way to raise stock; and there is more clear money in it than any other. I soon had a nice herd, and by adding along, I had a considerable little lot of cattle for sale every year, and still kept up the herd.

We were now passing through one of the most trying times, financially, that I ever experienced, brought about, no doubt, largely by the inflation of the currency. In the fall of 1833, President Jackson, though strongly opposed, issued an edict that the deposits held by the United States Bank, amounting to about ten million dollars, should be drawn out, and divided among the various state banks. This caused a general inflation, of course, and men rushed wildly and blindly into speculation, just as we have since seen them do; and this was followed by its legitimate fruits of disappointment, bankruptcy and ruin, which was realized during Van Buren's administration. Of course, I was affected along with the rest; I had bought another piece of land, and went in debt for a part of it, and as the times closed down suddenly, the indebtedness gave me a great deal of uneasiness. I offered it for a thousand dollars less, but could not sell it; but by having to hold on, I came out all right, for I sold it afterward at a profit.

Time passed on, nothing worthy of note traspired, until the fall of 1843, when I bought what was known as the old Myer's tract of about one hundred and twenty acres. This was about three miles south-west from my other land, and as this had yet a better house on it than the one in which we were living, we decided to move over there a while, and fix the place up, as it had been neglected, and needed repairs badly. We stayed there three or four years, but concluded to have a new house built on the old farm, which was done, and we moved into it in the fall of 1845. By this time the older boys were large enough to be of great help on the farm, and to drive stock; and as the farm was well set in grass now, it furnished a large amount of feed, and I began to trade more extensively than ever, letting the boys attend to the crops, for I depended more on the grass now than the corn. Eastern stock men made our house a kind of headquarters, and usually came to buy of me first of any in this part of the county. I often bought stock for them, generally getting a pretty good commission.

It was at about this time (1847), that a stock dealer from Ohio, told us about his folks having bought a cook stove and what a great advantage it was over the old fire-place, and advised us by all means to get one. I was anxious to get anything that would be a help for the women folks, so I sent for one the first opportunity, which was the first one brought to the neighborhood. It cost thirty-seven dollars I think, but was one of the best investments I ever made, as it was just the thing needed.

Soon after I turned my attention to trading in and raising sheep. I remember of having as many as one thousand on the place at once, and found it profitable business. I always tried to treat people in a way to gain their confidence, and they did have a great confidence in me, probably more than I deserved, for often they would drive stock to me and tell me to price it, that they did not know what it was really worth, but for me to pay them as much as I could afford and take it. I do not think I ever took advantage of their confidence, but will say this much, that if any one will come to me and make it appear that I ever knowingly wronged him out of a dollar, I will do, as one of old required, "Pay him back fourfold."

I traded with, and bought a great deal of stock of the McMurrys, Billingsleys, Hymers, Darnalls, Priests, Farrows, Nelsons, and a host of other honorable men, and had but little if any trouble with any of them. I will just add that I never sued but one man in my life, and that was on account of his setting up a doggery right at my store door, I got judgment against him for money he owed me, but afterwards compromised the matter with him by buying him out, so as to get him away. I made it a point that if there was any misunderstanding in business always to compromise if possible, greatly preferring to suffer loss rather than go to law. I suppose I have paid out a thousand dollars peace money in my time. I always thought it best to have little to do with a mean disposed man, and he is a poor wretch indeed whose good will is not worth a few dollars, then ever after let him alone.

I have speculated in land considerably also, having owned first and last over four thousand acres. I have helped a good many young men to get their first homes; would sell them land and wait with them for the money until they could make it. Out of some twelve or fifteen such cases I only call to mind one that was not successful. I had to take his land

back. Many of them, in after years, thanked me for the aid I had given them. I made warm friend in that way. I remember of an old German who overheard some one speaking ill of me, when he replied angrily: "Vel I can shust del you vot Mr. Briches has done, he made a chentleman out of mine Peter!"

By this time (1851) I had sold down to about three hundred acres of land, and one of the boys having hurt himself so that he was not able to work on the farm, I concluded to engage in the mercantile business. So, forming a partnership with Mr. Reub Moss, we started in business at Fincastle, Putnam county. I left the farm pretty much entirely to the care of the other boys, for by this time they were all well versed in agriculture and stock raising. We continued in partnership only about one year, when I bought Moss' interest, having been accustomed to play a lone hand, I greatly preferred it. The business was continued for about two years and then closed out to Messrs. Cunningham & Richy. The principal part of my time for the next few months was devoted to the collection of outstanding accounts. I had a liberal patronage, and am thankful for it, and did well in the business. I had over four hundred names and twenty thousand dollars on my account book when I closed out. The people were very prompt in paying, and I collected about nine thousand dollars within two months after I quit business. I traded in stock to some extent again, but in about a year after I sold out at Fincastle I built a storeroom at the crossroads one-half mile from where I lived, afterward called Cairo, and commenced the business again, letting one of the younger boys, Milton, clerk for me. And just here I may as well mention what I have ommitted. A few months prior to this, on the 18th of October, 1855, our last child was born, which was the ninth. Mentioning them according to age, they were Robert, born 1831; William, 1833; James, 1837; Elizabeth, 1840; Dulcenia, 1845; DeWitt, 1847; Amelia, 1852, and Rachel, 1855. I sold goods this time for about two years, and as Milton concluded to marry and leave me, I sold out again, this time to Groves & May, of Waveland, and again gave my attention to the collection of accounts and loaning of money. I did not trade in stock much, but bought and sold several pieces of land. The men I sold the store to soon got tired of the business and insisted on selling it back to me, and I finally bought it in 1861, taking DeWitt to clerk with me this time. A few months after, the great civil war commenced, and we witnessed an almost unprecedented advance in manufactured goods, and, in fact, everything else. Of course I made money out of it, for if I had bought a bill of goods one week they were worth more the next. I continued the business two years and a half and sold out to Dohhehue & Son. This was my last experience at merchandising, and although I did an extensive credit business I lost comparatively little, not more than one per cent of all sold. About all I pretended to do from this time on was to see to having the fencing kept in repair, pasturing stock for others and loaning my surplus funds.

In the spring of 1863, I bought a small piece of land of W. W. Yates, situated two miles west of Bainbridge, which I improved--building the last house I ever expect to build; and here, among kind neighbors and friends, I expect to spend the remainder of my days on earth. Having disposed of all my former possessions, and retired entirely from active business, I hope to spend the time pleasantly, and when the Good Father calls, may I pass gently away.

I suppose some people might conclude, as I have not said any thing special, heretofore, about Christianity, that I had been so absorbed in worldly affairs that I had not taken any interest, whatever, in matters of religion, but not so. Having been raised, as it were, in the very

bosom of partialism, I have suffered untold agony many a time, and, especially, when taking leave of my own dear friends; for, according to my teachings, how could I expect to meet them all again? Having nothing to read, and hearing nothing but what breathed God's wrath, and depicted the writhings of the damned in hell, I was not satisfied with this, but longed for something that told of the unfathomable love of the Father for His children, and of a home for them where they would cease from evil, and learn to do well. Although my mind was biased through early education, long years ago, I thought that I had found certain traces in that blessed book for which I had been taught to have a high regard, of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and a consequent impartial love for His children.

The more I read and meditated on that book, the surer I was that I was right in my conclusions; and after I come to this country, I found sympathizing friends, among whom was old uncle John Fosher. We often compared ideas, and agreed well. He loaned me some papers and books that gave a more liberal and, I thought, a more rational interpretation of the holy word, than I had ever seen or heard before. This seemed to strengthen me in my convictions. It was not long after I come to Putnam county, until we had occasional preachings, at private or school houses, by transient preachers, who, like the apostles, proclaimed the glad tidings of "peace on earth, good will toward men," which gave me great consolation. We continued to hold meetings in a church that John Fosher had built with but little outside aid. During the winter of 1856, Brother W. W. Curry, Universalist, held a debate with Rev. Ben. Franklin, of the Campbellite Church at Fincastle, and we were so gratified with the result, that we soon after organized the first Universalist Society organized in the county. There were but few of us, it is true, and like the little band eighteen hundred years ago, were despised and scoffed at, because we advocated a doctrine that declared the greatest good to all mankind. The final holiness and happiness of all mankind is a grand faith, and it is strange it should be condemned. This doctrine was, evidently, taught by Moses (the earliest divine authority) for he recorded the words of the Almighty, when he spoke to Him at the burning bush, saying, "I am not a God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto me." And down through the line of holy prophets, to Christ, who gave the new and better covenant, the same truth is taught. And the apostles have given us the comforting assurance that, "As in Adam, all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." In this blessed hope I expect to live the remainder of my days, and to depart in peace when my time comes. And I am glad to be able to say that I have contributed something, with those of like precious faith, towards the erection of a handsome church in which this glorious gospel may be proclaimed. In all probability I can not be here long, and it is a great consolation to feel that my separation from loved ones will not be long, and that we shall soon meet again in that bright realm above.

And now I feel that I must say something about my children before I close. I know it is natural for us to think our children are better than other peoples, but of course they have faults as well as others. We have tried to raise them to be sober, honest, thoughtful, and industrious, and to what extent we have succeeded I shall leave it with those with whom they have been associated to decide. One thing I can say, that in the main they have been good, dutiful children to us.

And my angel wife, God bless her! how can I say enough in her praise. She who has clung to me for almost two score years and ten, counseling and encouraging me, and by her unswerving fidelity given my strength and courage to push on through the many vicissitudes of life. She was willing to

leave the country of her childhood, bid adieu to home and friends, cast her lot with mine in a far away new country, and endure hardships and privations if that would better the condition of our children. She was always ready and willing to sacrifice her comfort for their good, and she has ever been mindful of mine also, watching over me in sickness, studying my needs and administering to me when well, and always kindly greeting me on returning home when tired out and hungry. She always met me with a kind word and a smile, and always tried to have something prepared that she thought I would like. Her advice and counsel has been worth everything to me when distracted and almost ready to give up in dispair. She, by her cheerful words, renewed in me a determination to persevere, in hope that there was a better time coming in the near future. And we should be thankful, indeed, that we have more than realized our most sanguine expectations. And now in my old days, as we journey down the valley together, nearing the shadows, it is she who comforts me.

There is one other event I must mention, then I close. We had a family reunion the other day, which was certainly emblematical of that which is to come. All present, not one missing. It made our old hearts glad, and we felt thankful to the Giver of all good, the Father of the spirits of all flesh, for sparing us and permitting us to meet together once more. And should we never meet as a family on earth again, I feel sure that we shall all meet in that grand, universal reunion above.

Mr. Bridges continued to enjoy fair health until his final sickness, and preserved his mental powers to the end. He departed this life March 2d, 1879, passing away as calmly and peacefully as if falling asleep, at the age of seventy-eight years, four months and two days. He gave his family repeated assurance of his readiness for death, supported by his firm faith in the heavenly life. A few hours before his death he desired his son William to tell all inquiring friends that he held firmly to the faith he had so long professed and upheld and looked forward to a world of holiness and happiness for all mankind. His business life was very successful, so that he was not only able to provide for the nurture of his large family, but also to leave them substantial evidences of his care.

Mr. Bridges was remarkably careful in the government of his tongue. None of his family ever heard him utter an oath, strictly avoiding all coarse and vulgar language, and always had a soft answer with which to turn away wrath. His interest in the temperance cause continued unabated; and not long before his death he and his wife made a night ride of five miles to the Universalist Church at Fincastle to assist in the inauguration of the blue ribbon movement. He was devoted to his wife, and it was a great comfort to him that she fully sympathized with him in his religious faith and philanthropic views. She was raised a Presbyterian, but became an avowed believer in Universalism, and heartily seconded his efforts in church building and the support of preaching. The effect of their instruction and example is seen in the fact that nearly all their children are members of the church, which they assisted to found--a fact to which he often adverted with pleasure.

Mr. Bridges' political affiliation was with the Democratic party, but he was neither bitter nor violent as a partisan. He was loyal to his country during the war of the rebellion, and dissented from his party in latter financial utterances, asserting a proper independence in his political action. Honored in life, and regretted in death, his name will long remain a fragrant memory to those who knew him.